

# THE DEMOCRAT AND STAR.

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JACOBY & KEELE.

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JACOBY & KEELE,  
BloomSBurg, Columbia County, Pa.

## We'll Stand by Andy Johnson.

BY T. M. L.

We'll stand by Andy Johnson  
Though the heavy night hangs dark,  
And a thousand foes assail him  
As he guides our ship through dark,  
Safe or the bounding breakers,  
O'er destruction's rolling waves,  
And with steady arms and nerves of steel  
Threatening danger braves.

We'll stand by Andy Johnson  
The trust of our land,  
We know that he'll protect us  
And we pledge him heart and hand.  
He with an eye of justice sees  
The fearful coming end;  
And on his country's glory writes  
His name—the white man's friend.

We'll stand by Andy Johnson  
The man of liberty,  
He leads the North's true warriors down  
And makes the white man free.  
He holds that same old banner up,  
With Freedom's hands to twine,  
A wreath of love around its folds,  
Where every star shall shine.

We'll stand by Andy Johnson,  
For the night has passed away;  
And the dark thick clouds are vanishing  
Before the perfect day.  
Soon, the Sun in all its beauty bright,  
And glory from above,  
Will flood the land with joy and peace,  
The land that Freedom loves.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Abolitionists and Abolitionism.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—It will be remembered that in my first number I said that the Abolitionists unnecessarily agitated their fanaticism in the family, the social circle, in the Sabbath and other schools, in religious meetings, &c.

In proof of this statement I will now cite a few of many cases that might be given.—I have known Abolitionists to make social parties and entirely exclude some of their most intimate friends and relatives, simply because they were Democrats. Again, I have known Democrats who came to such occasions, and special pains being taken to offend them, to wound their feelings by falsely accusing them as Rebels, sympathizers, traitors, &c.

I have also known Abolitionists to turn off their employees who had worked for them many years, just because they were Democrats, and other relatives who came to visit them, in the most cruel, unfeeling and abusive manner, for the same reason. I have known Abolitionists, employed as Teachers in all kinds of schools, to excite prejudice among school-mates, and even justify the abuse of these scholars who did not receive their political views and the doctrine of non-resistance, &c. I have known Abolitionists refuse to employ any professional man whatever, or deal with any Merchant, Mechanic, or employ or retain any laborer who is a Democrat, and would vote his principles.

I have known Abolition preachers to ignore Christ, and for the past four or five years, continually and persistently preach and pray for the aggr. insurrection, war, blood, death and destruction upon the South, and by this wicked procedure drive every sensible Christian lady and gentleman from their congregations.—All this I condemn in the strongest terms, and every patriot in this broad land will join me in this condemnation; and it will destroy the peace of the family, of the social circle, of all the schools of every grade, of the employer and the employee, it will derange the channels of successful trade, destroy the Union and peace of the Commonwealth; as it already has done of this once happy and united nation. But this is not all. Abolitionism, the natural fruit of the aggr. and programme laid down in the Helper book, and endorsed by sixty eight Abolition Congressmen as shown in my number eight.

But, Gentlemen, if there is one class of men more to blame than another for the late dreadful strife and the divided and woful condition of our country at present, it is that class commonly called preachers, who have left their lawful calling, and gone out in sheep's clothing, but are nothing more, nothing less than ravening wolves. Behold by their fruits ye shall know them.

It is my humble opinion, that if all the professed ministers of the Gospel had faithfully attended to their own business, and preached the standard of Christ, denouncing the Lord who bought them; and to whom they had once sworn allegiance, returned to their first master, the devil, and re-entrusted under his black flag, and proclaimed strife, hatred, variance, blood, and death; and thus perpetuated the late civil war upon this country, and promoted discussion among families, schools, churches, &c.

If this is true (and I believe it is), those so-called and misled "preachers of righteousness" are responsible for all the sins, crimes, deaths, and sorrows, both in time and eternity consequent upon, and connected with this Abolition, negro-anarchy was a view of the world as it appears to me, possible a thousand millions of the

most severe punishment which the Almighty himself can inflict on men, will not be more duration than to punish adequately, those black coated and black hearted scoundrels for the part they have taken in this wicked work of crime, death, and desolation. "As it is written there is no abolition preacher that is righteous, no not one. There is none of them that understands the Gospel of Christ, there is none who seeks after God.—They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable to their congregations and the bleeding cause of Christ; there is none of them that doeth good, no not one.

Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; their mouths are full of cursing and bitterness. Their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways. They roll sin, as a sweet morsel under their tongues. The way of peace have they not known for several years, and unless they speedily repent, will never find it again. There is no God before their eyes, they are making their idols of silver and gold, and brass, and iron, and wood, and stone, and clay, and straw, and man.

These Abolition preachers are lovers of their own selves; they are covetous, boasters of their "loyalty," proud of their tory ancestors, blasphemous, disobedient to the Constitution and wholesome laws and to the Gospel of peace, they are unthankful to God for having created them *white men*; they much prefer being negroes; they are therefore unholily, without natural affection for the white race, but have more than natural affection for the black; they are true-breakers in destroying the compact and Union of our fathers, they are false accusers of the Democrats, North and South, and President Johnson, &c. they are inconsistent, fierce, and spiteful, and full of evil devices, they are traitors to God and their country, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure with "American citizens of African descent," more than lovers of white citizens. These are men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the true interests of this Republic and all the inhabitants thereof. They are ungodly, they are the blind leading the blind, and will all fall into the ditch.

In conclusion, let me ask, what good is there now, or ever has been done, in supporting Abolition, disunion preachers? As long as you sustain them in their work of division, of sowing discord among brethren, of sowing discord in the house of his friends, you are partakers of their evil deeds. It is not your duty to support a man in a false position. You know an Abolition preacher is the enemy of God, of Christ, of truth, of the church, of peace and love, of the sinner, for instead of leading him to Jesus his Saviour, he leads him to the devil. Stop and consider: withhold your temporal aid from such wicked men, let them hunger for bread and meat, then will you learn them good manners, and to respect the rights of their hearers, the sanctity of God's house, and the first lessons of religion, and teach them to preach Christ and him crucified. Thus will you benefit those deluded wretches, and save the church from further reproaches on their account; you will benefit the sinner, and prove a great blessing to our common country by spreading peace and good order among all the people.

J. F. JEFFERSON.

## Gubernatorial.—No. 9.

GENTLEMEN.—The Democracy is on its forward march, and the lives of next October will witness its crowning glory in Pennsylvania, in the election of that firm patriot and able statesman, HESTER CLYMER, to the Chair of State. Who that is at all cognizant of the signs of the times and the movements of political affairs, that does not clearly see the unerring indications of the thorough government of the radical disunion party and the election upon its ruins, a white war, and a civil war, and a confusion which will ensue in the camp of Satan, when his Satan's hand of thieves and robbers shall have been dethroned and summoned to justice and to judgment.

This will follow, as certain as light follows darkness, the cry of a new era in Pennsylvania. We shall no longer have a perjured Executive at the seat of government. Citizens will not then be kidnapped by Abolition sneaks, and imprisoned by a corrupt Governor.

Our only hope, for ourselves and posterity, lies in the redemption of Pennsylvania. It will only require one strategic—thorough organization—a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether, and it will be accomplished. Men and Brethren, Light up your Democratic Camp Fires. Charge upon the war. Strike once again for your homes and fire-sides. And let your motto be, liberty or death.

Let Jackson men love the good old hickory tree. It is the emblem of the Jackson Democracy, which may bend before the Abolition storm, but thank God, it will never break. Long may we cling to that good old tree.

—Freeman, cheer the hickory tree;  
—Freeman, cheer the hickory tree;  
—Freeman's and its branches wave,  
—Freeman's and its branches wave.

A JACKSON DEMOCRAT.

## Our Banner.

Red—Equality of States in the Union or another war.  
White—White men to govern White men.  
Blue—Equal taxation—taxation of United States Bonds or repudiation.

Stars—Each State to be her own judge as to the qualification of voters.  
People of America! Is there treason in this? It is a different flag from the one the radical robbers of the Union are waving, and it is a banner for the people, and not for a section, or for an aristocracy of heathen, spendthrifts and reckless adventurers. And if you like our banner fling it to the breeze, there to float till the Union is restored, Democracy again triumphant, and the country at peace.—La Crosse Democrat.

## The "American Eagle."

A writer in a Georgia paper introduces the American eagle, which, for five years, has been a comparative stranger in this country, and this is, preliminary to the Fourth of July.

"We must fix up the eagle, get the goddess a set of teeth and a waterfall, and have fourth of July got up regardless of expense. We must give all the Mormon women a husband apiece, marry the anxious schoolmarms, and give the niggers the darkies, put the niggers at work, build a horse-railroad from New York to the city of Mexico, dam up the Gulf Stream, lick England, (old and new) annex Cuba, and we will be again in a great and glorious country."

When they want to frighten a negro down South they tell him the "Freeman's Banner" is after him, and he will flee faster than if chased by a pack of bloodhounds.

## The Soliloquy of a Political Preacher.

What a liar I am! Knows it—I know it—the world knows it. A few years since I experienced religion. I attended divine service—took part in religious meetings, and stood up in a church—I was from the mountains and told the brethren and sisters that the blessed love of Christ—the wondrous love of peace and good will to all men—the desire to do good, and to live at peace with all the world filled my soul to overflowing!

Amos! How these echoes came up from all parts of the room. And I knelt in prayer, and this was the burden of my supplication.  
Oh Merciful God in Heaven, be pitiful to me a sinner. For years I have sinned. For years I have offended thee. For years I have been wandering to and fro, my heart filled with wickedness, my soul steeped in hate, my mind thinking only evil and wickedness. And now, oh God, thy Grace has reached me. The blessed influence—the peaceful spirit of Christ who is and who was, and who ever will be all-wise, has filled my heart and I am ready to die if my death seemeth good in thy sight. I have no hates, no envy, no spite—no malice—no wickedness—no sin to wound, to offend or to injure any one of my fellow beings, but had rather all should live in peace. And oh! God in Heaven, for this most wondrous peace, to thee I give thanks, and here before the world, before thee, before the angels and the spirits of life and death give I myself unto thee. Take me as one of thine anointed; take me as one redeemed from all evil passions. Desert, oh God, to thy love, for the love of thy Son, Jesus Christ, fills my heart with peace, with joy, with love to all men and to thee, and faithful to those vows will I be, that I may meet with the pure, the good and the holy in thy kingdom, there to be forever blest. And now, guide, watch over and guard me, for Christ's sake. Amen! Amen!

The meeting will join in singing—  
"Bless be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love!  
The friendship of Christ, a mind  
Is heaven above."

From sorrow, toil and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Over all our earth and sea.

Oh the blessed influences of Christianity. It fills us all with love for others—with love for those who have wronged us, as Christ loved those who sinned against him. How I talked, and prayed, and sung. And I set myself apart for the ministry. And I began to teach Christ and him crucified. And I resolved to labor for the good of souls alone. I was an Agent for Heaven. I was a professed follower of that dear Jesus who is all love and kindness. And I was looked upon as a sanctified son of a sinner, and walked as one who was better than his neighbors.

Oh what a liar I am!  
—You are dead in trespasses and sins,  
—You are dead in trespasses and sins,  
—You are dead in trespasses and sins,  
—You are dead in trespasses and sins.

And I was called to take charge of a congregation—to work in the vineyard—to save souls—to teach perfect love to Christ and to all our fellow-men. And I prayed—and I talked—and I exhorted—and I wrote a long face—and I knelt by the dying—and I gave away in marriage—and I baptized niggers—and I preached influences.

And I forgot Christ, and took up politics. And I taught people to hate each other. And I taught my church to hate the men of the South—to hate other denominations—to hate, and vilify, and slander, and abuse, and to insult, and to quarrel with those who did not agree with them in politics. And I preached sectional hatred, and I urged men to go to war—to become mad—to kill each other and to go into the presence of God with an oath on their lips—death in their hearts—their eyes set in rage—their hands striking the steel to the hearts of their brothers.

Politics paid better than religion. Politics were popular. I wanted not religion. I did not care a curse for the cause of Christ. Private ends and a little money were the things I was after. Christ never preached hate, envy, discord, malice, etc., as I have for years. But this is American religion. It is the kind that pays. Christ is out of mind now. It is all niggers and popularity. But I am a pretty man of God to kneel beside a dying man! What damnable mockery! As if Christ would listen to such a liar, backslider, hypocrite and villain of religion as I am!

But what of it? I'll go on and fool people. I'll tell hell with sinners if I can't fill Heaven with saints. I'll save a friend in hell if I can't save them. I'll damn poor ignorant souls if I can't save them. I'll earn political pay if I can't win the approval of God—the God I am trying to fool. I'll like to hear Christ preach a sermon. I wonder if he'd insult false, sectional discord, envy, opposition, persecution and such ideas into the minds of his followers. He would not.

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."  
I think that is a mistake. I don't believe Christ ever said it. I think the one who reported that sermon must have been drinking the sacramental wine too freely. That is where Christ and I differ.

American religion is full of hate, wrong, discord, envy, war, oppression, and killing of people for a difference of opinion.  
—But thou, great searching God! I know know  
The hearts of all that beat the knee;  
And thou art in the spirit who dwellest there.

But it makes no difference with me. There is no true religion in me. I'd endorse the devil and preach hell if it was popular and paid. I'd forsake Christ any time for an increase of pay, and let the cause of religion die out forever.

What a liar I am!

And what liars all those so-called Christians who profess to have their hearts filled with Heavenly love, yet war upon a people for a difference of opinion—who read from stolen bibles—who kneel by stolen chairs—who read in stolen books—who look at themselves in stolen mirrors—who lay their children to sleep on stolen sofas—who themselves slumber on stolen beds—who eat from stolen dishes—who beautify their dwellings with stolen ornaments—who go to church in stolen garments—who partake of the blood of the Redeemer from stolen silver cups—who ride to funerals in stolen carriages—who ride for pleasure behind stolen horses—who have shrouds made from stolen cotton—who are awakened in the night by the braying of

stolen mules—who are purged with stolen medicine—who are drunk on stolen liquors—who play secret tricks on stolen organs and melodions—who play patriotic airs on stolen pianos—who, surrounded by thousands of things stolen from the South, in the name of loyalty, by the men who are the brothers of their victims—by the *Christianity* of the church whose preacher and Heavenly guide—blessed I am!

Won't I catch it when I die? If there is a hot place in hell—a lake where the molten brimstone is deepest—a locality where the eternal worm is bigger than the serpent of the late rebellion, I'll have it if there is a just God who punishes those who enlist for him and work for the devil—to fill hell with victims rather than Heaven with ransomed ones. The only consolation I have is that four-fifths of the ministers of Christ are as great liars and hypocrites as I am, and if they can spend an eternity in hell, I know I can.—La Crosse Democrat.

## Nero.

Nero was but seventeen years old when he became ruler of Rome. He came into power with the esteem and admiration of all men, and was considered liberal and humane. No ruler of Rome ever had a brighter future. When required to sign a death-warrant of a prisoner he did it with the greatest reluctance, and would often say, "I would to heaven that I had never learned to write!"

But as he increased in years he grew in crime and debauchery. He first manifested his native depravity and cruelty by the heinous execution of his mother. He attempted her death at first by causing her to be placed in a vessel so constructed by bolts that by withdrawing them it would separate in the open sea; but in this he was foiled, she being rescued by some fishermen for a more deliberate death. Being enraged at this he gave orders for her to be put to death in her palace. After she was dead, as he was gazing on her body, he exclaimed that he never thought she would be so beautiful. Oh! brute that thou wast, no wonder that the curse of Heaven was heaped upon thy wicked head in after years!

Next after the murder of his mother was that of his tutor, then that of his wife, the lovely Octavia, in virtue that he might marry another.

The guard of virtue and honor was overcome, and his inhuman appetites led him to the commission of the highest and most damnable crimes on record, which would make—  
"Midnight blush and hell ashamed."

Strange to say, in his earlier days he had a taste for music and poetry. During his reign the city of Rome was set on fire—his tory says by his order. While the flames were rolling mountains high through that vast city, laying waste palaces and temples, and consuming thousands of human beings, Nero stood on the top of a high tower, singing to his harp the burning of Troy.

Almost the whole city lay in ashes. None were allowed to check the flood of fire. On, on, the blazing flames moved like the mighty waves of the ocean.

He then attempted to place this detestable crime upon the Christians, who were then gaining ground in Rome, and who daily rebelled against the rule of sin. Nero felt the power of the teaching of the Prince of Peace; his disciples had to suffer for it. Upon his accusation a horrible persecution was raised against them. No death was too ignoble, no mode was too barbarous for them to endure. Some were cast among wild beasts; others were clothed in skins and devoured by hungry dogs; and again others were burnt to ashes.

It was at that time that Paul was beheaded and Peter crucified; not as his Master, but with his head downward.

When the day was not sufficient for their torments, the flames of which they perished seemed to illuminate the night.

Nero enjoyed all this as a happy repast. He revelled in his gardens within the sound of their dying groans.

Upon the ruins of the city he built a great palace, which he called his "Golden House." This was a building of unbounded magnificence, the riches of which he had gained from the spoils of the East, and the order of this tyrant. Soon followed the death of other noted men of Rome; nor did he spare the life of Poppaea the Empress for whom he had Octavia beheaded.

Forbearance ceased to be a virtue. The whole empire became aroused against this monster of crime and transgression.

At this time Servius Galba was Governor of Spain. He was a man of great wisdom and military skill. Being incensed at the atrocities of Nero he resolved to march towards Rome with his large army. Nero, learning the determination of Galba, fled, and he was undone. He was seated at his supper table, indulging his morbid appetite for blood-bought luxuries when he heard of Galba's coming. The shock so terrified him that he upturned the table with his foot, and fell into a swoon.

When he recovered he tore his clothes, struck his head and cried out that he was unworthy to live.

## For the Democrat and Star. CAMPAIGN SONG.—No. 2.

BY RAVEN.

Air—James Bird.

Hearken to me, neighbors hearken,  
I have something I would state,  
And no falsehood can e'er darken  
The things I now relate.  
For 'tis truth, and well we know it,  
Having happened at our door,  
Though we oft-times mean to show it,  
Yet the need we do deplore.

Once I stood near to the roadside,  
Where I saw a train go by,  
And I listened, now so world-wide,  
I'll remember till I die.  
O! it filled my heart with sadness,  
And the tear was in my eye,  
But my sorrow turned to madness,  
When I learned the reason why.

Bayonets glistened in the sunlight,  
And there flashed the shining steel,  
As each column, moving upright,  
Seemed they would to battle wheel.  
I looked to see the foe appearing,  
To oppose this force in blue,  
And I wondered at their bearing,  
When I saw no foe in view.

I looked again, and O, my country,  
A shameful sight I saw,  
A contemptible affront,  
Such a disregard of law.  
Closely crowded in the centre,  
Strongly guarded, front and rear,  
Laid down some one might enter,  
Or from within some disappear.

Forty men had been arrested,  
And for what they did not know,  
Though the reason oft requested,  
Why they had been treated so.  
They were marched off to prison,  
To a dark and filthy fort,  
Mid the scorn and the derision,  
Of the men they never hurt.

There I saw the old and feeble,  
Men whose locks were white with years,  
Who to travel scarce seemed able,  
From their allies and their fears.  
There I saw the young and healthy,  
From whose eyes was flashing scorn;  
There I saw the high and wealthy,  
From their posts of business torn.

They had thought where they resided,  
Was the land of liberty,  
And to speak should be decided,  
Was the privilege of the free.  
But, alas, they found their error,  
And that they had lived to see,  
What a cruel reign of terror,  
Was the Lincoln dynasty.

It was founded in disunion,  
It was based deep in blood,  
It denied the free communion  
Of the honest and the good.  
It raised its arm with vigor,  
While its heart was made of steel,  
But its idol was the nigger,  
For the whites it could not feel.

But shall such a power continue  
To ruin this favored land?  
What say ye, bone and sinew,  
Ye law-abiding band?  
By the grave of William Roberts,  
By the honest and the true,  
By the things that we have suffered,  
By the God we worship, NO!

## Proposed Amendments to the Constitution.

The following are the proposed amendments to the Federal Constitution, as "passed," illegally, by two-thirds of a fragment of Congress:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, that the following article be proposed to the legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the Legislatures, shall be valid as part of the Constitution:

ARTICLE FIFTEEN.  
SECTION 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the States wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

SEC. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting Indians not taxed. But whenever the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice President, representatives in Congress, executive and judicial officers or members of the Legislatures thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall be to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

SEC. 3. That no person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or Elector of President and Vice President, or hold any office civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the laws, or given aid and comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disabilities.

SEC. 4. To enforce the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection and rebellion, will not be questioned, but neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any debt for the loss or emancipation of any slave, but all such debts, obligations and claims shall be held illegal and void.

SEC. 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.

A woman in Geneva who was formerly as black as any African, has within the past six months become perfectly white.

## Disband the Democracy.

NEVER!

Why should this grand good old party be disbanded and its members left to rally under banners of their enemies or to die by the wayside? What good can come of giving up the name, the principles we have fought for so long?

In this State as in others, leading (so called) democrats are in favor of disbanding our party organization, forming a union, or John-son, or some other kind of a party, and to this move, be it here or elsewhere we wish to say a few words, earnestly and candidly.

In the name of two million democratic voters, North and South—in the name of one million and eight hundred thousand democrats in the North who voted for McClellan, we now say to you, good will come of this forsaking principles?

We respect Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. We have great faith in him. We are willing he should have and form a Johnson party, if he wishes to, but will never consent to see the democratic party of the country disbanded and called together on his platform. Mahomet may go and come to the mountain—the stately ship may enter the harbor—the eagle soar to the sky—the rain may come to the earth—Johnson may come to the Democratic party, and it will shelter him so long as he is true to the Constitution—when he is not, he will be spurned from its ranks.

The mountain cannot go to Mahomet. The harbor cannot go out to shelter the ship, no matter how brave it be. The great curlew cannot and will not come down to meet the eagle, no matter how bravely he soars aloft. The beautiful earth will never go up to claim the wings of the clouds which are of its own making.

The Democratic party of the Country shall never disband and go straggling out to meet Johnson or any other man, for its principles and hopes are beyond the reach of any one mortal.

We are willing Johnson should come back. We are willing to endorse him in what is right—and assented shall denounce him when wrong. But we are not in favor of this forming Johnson clubs of Democratic timber. The great trouble in this country is that people think in droves, and accept all sorts of statements as facts. The people are too credulous.

We object to placing two million Democrats under the influence of Seward's bell cord? We object to being blinded when going into a fight. We dislike forsaking the eternal principles of Democracy for an individual name. If Johnson, and Seward and others are tired of Republicanism; let them come out from the Rump disunionists, and stand up for the principles of that great democratic party which has no apology to make for the ruins our enemies have strewn over the land.

We do not wish to enlist under men who will soon want us to fight under abolition, republican,